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Cher

KATHERINE HARDEMAN, '28

ST. PETERS was mellow with old age. From the base of its foundations to the tip of its rugged spires were found the imprints of time: mars, scars, scratches, cracks, and dust. The bells in the West grey tower were so cracked and thin that often when they summoned the motley crowd to worship, they begroaned their fate by screaming and grating in gross tones which wrecked sensitive ears. The great middle door was always open, and the tiny windows in the niches on either side of the entrance seemed to invite one to enter on a hot noonday.

New York's noonday means tired, dull, worn, bored persons, crowded into murky, sticky streets seeking refuge from the relentless, pursuing sun, and searching for something different. St. Peters means coolness from the heat, and an encouraging, restful, reposing atmosphere. Therefore it is not at all unusual to find the great oak pews filled with individuals: some praying; some kneeling; some thinking; some dreaming; some worshipping. Sometimes one Jew, the street cleaner, worshipped in his faith and confessed his sins; sometimes he admired the beauty of the church and gave a nickel to help improve its beauty; sometimes he stole money from the altar of the saints to pay for a meal. All this depended upon—one hardly knows what to say, for there lurked here and there an atmosphere of uncertainty and dread, of mystery mingled with love and beauty—in all a rather disquieting environment to linger in long.

Now Pere Blanc was its bishop; and Cher Blanc was its servant. Pere Blanc was Cher Blanc's father according to the law for it was now twenty years since Cher had been nameless. It was a well known fact that a faint gleam of the Holy Virgin's candle had attracted another virgin and her babe one sultry July night; and that the virgin presented her child to the Holy One. Cher was that child, and Pere was the Holy Virgin's caretaker; therefore Cher was to Pere. The

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greatest misfortune however lay in the fact that Cher's vision left when the Virgin left. Cher was blind.

One day some six years ago, Pere was praying that Cher might see. The noonday bells began to toll. Once! Twice! Thrice! They rang out clear and loud, and then—old age screeched and barked forth. The bell clanged to silence and Pere got up to find Cher, for that always hurt Cher. When Pere reached the tower he saw the boy crowded into a dark corner, lying among dust and dismembered rock staring open-eyed and seeing nothing, in the direction of the bell.

“Cher! Cher!”

“Oui, Pere, here I am,” he answered as he grasped the rope and pretended to fasten it to the hook, for he was ashamed of his weakness.

“Come here, my son, come here!”

“Oui, Pere,” answered the boy as he walked toward the stair. “I am afraid, afraid Pere! Why is there discord in the House of God. Why does the bell scream, growl, and howl as if it were in agony?”

“You have been reading again Cher, what?”

“It is an old one, ‘Notre Dame de Paree,’ mon Pere. The bell so frightens me because I think I see the hunchback with his horrible squinty, puffy eyes, one of which is completely hidden by a great wart, clinging to the rope just above my head with his clawy hands and his twisted knees. He laughs and leers, and is terrifying! Oh, Pere, the darkness is terrifying! If you have prayed and I have prayed, why have I not seen? Is not fourteen years long enough to pray for one thing? What have I done? Am I as the Good Book says suffering from the sins of my fathers? And if so, why?”

“Hush child! The Good Father has reasons of his own. It is yours not to question but to have faith and believe.”

“For me to believe any longer is impossible, Pere. I’m sorry.”

And Pere misunderstood, for he was old and grey, like the church, and he had never had to undergo either physical or spiritual deformities of life. And the break was evident and grew wider.

Years passed, and people came and went, wondered and worshipped. Pere grew older and grayer. He grew more narrow in his

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point of view, and, as it were, he lived within his own narrow self. However he still remembered what was his own and protected it as best he could. All the books that they could buy were bought for Cher. However Cher at twenty was still both physically and spiritually deformed because there was no one with sufficient basis for a fundamental understanding.

Strange to say Cher began to seek more and more the companionship of the Notre Dame's Hunchback. As times went on, the Hunchback became his only friend because here was a basis of understanding. Both were physically deformed and captives of fear. He was not sure that they were both spiritually deformed for there is little evidence to show that the Hunchback had any spiritual inclination at all. He learned to live among the ropes and bells; he knew each by sound and touch: the cracks of one, the thinness of another, the ring of one, the screech of the great bell—all these were symbols of his physical deformities. They were his friends.

The Hunchback scaled the walls and roof just ahead of him. It encouraged him to find the cross on the top of the spire, the cross that was so weather beaten, worn, and old. It had suffered physically for so long, and Cher delighted in it. On the downward slant of the gutter, where the corners met, were two gargoyles. And he and the Hunchback played with them; oh, they were the best of friends! The eyes of one were closed and blank and stary, and were set far back into a knotty head; the head of the other was horned and burdened with an enormous hunch between his shoulders. Therefore Cher spent most of his time here clinging to his friends, caressing them, and sympathizing while they suffered from exposure and neglect.

And Pere grew feeble and longed for spiritual comfort—Cher grew physically strong and knew nothing of spiritual comfort. One day Pere said:

“Cher, will you find a passage to comfort the old and read it to me?”

“I do not know of one; I am not old.”

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“Surely you know how Christ comforted the old, my son; how he gave spiritual aid.”

“No,” said Cher, “He gave physical aid. He healed the wounds and made some of the blind to see—but not me—I do not know; no one has told me.”

“Please, Cher. I am dying! Can’t you?”

“Oh Pere, is there something I can give you?”

“No, you can give me nothing.” Pere died.

Cher continued to live alone with his inanimate friends. Time passed, and Cher grew old physically. The new bishop took pity on Cher and tried to be more than kind, but Cher did not understand. He had lived away from spiritual kindness, and had suffered from the sins of his fathers too long. One who continually receives kindness because he is physically deformed cannot receive kindness because he is spiritually deformed, since spiritual deformity always leads to condemnation.

T H E C O R A D D I

Songs For a Charioteer

1

We were off in the rain today
Singing, you and I,
Shocking the good, fat people,
Who stared at us go by.

And there were those of them who shouted
From under their comfortable eaves,
But we heard never a word they were saying
For the sound of the rain on the leaves.

2

On Hearing Chopin With You
There will never be a Polonaise
That so gloriously can rise
Like the song of triumph
In the meeting of our eyes.

3

The touch of your lips cannot matter
Nor the pounding of your heart,
While we can fly in the silver rain
And kiss such miles apart.

M. F. P., '28

Bully-Tad Brags

EVELYN TROGDEN, '27

NOT SO LONG ago there was a tadpole called Bully-tad who lived in a marsh at the foot of a hill. He was a very happy tadpole for he had a beautiful wiggly tail and he could swim oh! so fast; but he was also very proud and vain.

One day a fat woolly caterpillar named Butter-baby came crawling down the hill to the marsh. When Bully-tad saw him he said to himself, "Uh-huh, I'll just show off."

"Good morning," said Bully-tad. "Aren't you mighty hot with that horrid woolly coat on?"

"Why, no," said Butter-baby. "I suppose I'm just used to it."

"How terrible! It's too bad you can't be down here in this nice cool green water swimming about with me. But you don't have a beautiful wiggly tail like mine, so I suppose it's just as well you aren't. I certainly am glad I don't have to crawl everywhere I go. Don't you get awfully tired of that old brown coat? Oh hum. Well good-bye."

Poor Butter-baby was feeling grumpy and awkward and fat by now; and his feelings were hurt, too. So he climbed up in a bush that grew in the edge of the pond and spun some silken curtains to hide himself. Before long he went to sleep.

He slept—can you guess how long? Till the next spring! One warm day he came from out of his curtains. Butter-baby felt weak and wobbly; and what were those wet things on his back? He lifted them and fanned them up and down until they were dry. Just then he looked down into the water and saw—guess! Two shiny black and orange wings! He was a butterfly now, and that meant he could **FLY!**

As he was flitting over the marsh sipping at flag lilies, he saw his old friend Bully-tad sitting on a stone and looking very much disgusted.

"Why, Bully-tad, what's the matter?" said Butterfly.

"Matter! Can't you see my beautiful wiggly tail has disappeared?

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And I'm not Bully-tad any longer. I'm Bullfrog. Oh dear. I'm so sorry I ever bragged." And he began to cry.

"Don't cry!" said Butterfly. "Cheer up. Maybe by next spring you will have some beautiful wings like mine. Good-bye!"

And the butterfly flew away over the hill.

To F

Your heart is made of earth from that rich spot
Where chance-blown winds brought divers seeds
To blossom in exotic flowers, whose rot
Left still their scents, creative needs.
A pagan soul you are, untouched, unmoved
By passions blazing at the strike of mind
On will; but I have been breath-caught to find
Your heart a-dancing on the wind
Like flower scents from that rich spot I loved.

In April

A bursting and a blooming,
A beauty, and the pain
Of shadowy foredooming
Come now with April's rain.

The rendezvous with learning
I've kept the winter through
In haste I now abandon
To take a walk with you

Where thick the broomstraw hinders
The paths to quiet streams,
On banks where shadow's finger
Marks out the water's dream.

Blanche Armfield, '27

T H E C O R A D D I

I cannot take you with me
Down the lonely way;
And there's no one can go,
Or none my feet can stay.

Child of the wanderlust am I,
Lean, and hungry-eyed,
Born of the lifting winds
And the sea, grey and wide;

The fingers of the willow-trees,
The dancing of the stars,
Hands that reach in the night—
Beauty, and pain, and scars.

I cannot take you with me
Down my lonely way;
And there's no one can go,
Or none my feet can stay.

But in my swift and naked flight
I wear your love for me,
Like a garment of the winds
Caressing tenderly.

Fadean Pleasants, '28

A Lock of Hair

ELIZABETH SEAWELL, '27

THE SUN dipped nearer and nearer the snow-capped Alps. The shadows in the room crept slowly across the floor. Yvette, Marquise du Chatelet, was dying.

But there was no sadness in her going. Gaily, gallantly she had lived; gaily, gallantly she would die. Her eyes, only faintly clouded by death, sparkled; she laughed frequently; she engaged in bright repartee with the men grouped about her bed.

There were four of these. There was the doctor, large, pompous, speaking learnedly of signs and symptoms. He was a famous doctor, a court favorite, and he was justly grieved that the watchers should pay him so little heed. The spirit of levity that pervaded the death chamber pleased him not at all.

The Marquis du Chatelet was there, the husband of the Marquise. People were wont to speak of him thus; "the husband of the Marquise" he had been since their *mariage de convenance* had been solemnized in the great cathedral in Paris; "the husband of the Marquise" he had remained, even after Yvette had left for her chateau with another man. A small, rather ineffective man was the Marquis. He had somehow never quite been able to discover just what it was all about; after attaching the gay and brilliant Yvette to his *ménage*, he had gotten even more at sea than ever. His hair, already graying at that time, had accelerated the process. Despite all that had happened, however, the Marquis had acquired and kept a warm affection for the lady. Perhaps he, better than anyone else, realized how futile it was for him to keep a thing of such light and freedom as Yvette chained to a home.

And there was Voltaire—the "other man" so far as the domestic relations of the Marquise and her husband were concerned. One could well have understood, seeing him stand there, why the Marquise had been so willing to follow him over Europe. His light, curling hair

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fell about a face that, while far from handsome, held in it a quality of tender, humorous strength. The high forehead and shapely head of the woman upon the bed suggested, even in her weakness, a temperament and taste that the same characteristics denoted in the man. Heavens, how he hated to lose her! Was she not, as he had once before remarked, "a great man whose only fault was being a woman?"

The fourth man was strikingly handsome. He was very tall, and there was about him an air of great physical strength. He was dark—almost swarthy. His hair, black as raven, lay smooth against his head. The Marquis de Saint-Lambert had about him an atmosphere of assurance that gave him a distinction the others lacked. Had he not been Yvette's latest lover? Was she not even now dying for his child?

A strange group they made. Each had sought the same thing; each had won; and each had lost. But there was no word, no look, of reproach. Rather, they felt strangely attracted to one another. Voltaire, ever ready of tongue, voiced this feeling.

"Why," he demanded, "should we feel constrained? We have much in common. We have each felt her power and succumbed to it. Is it not, friends, a compliment that each of us pays to the taste and judgment of the other?"

The shadows crept faster. The conversation, gay and swift an hour before, had grown intermittent. The Marquise, till now brightest of them all, had turned her eyes to the window and was gazing at the distant Alps. A smile, fraught more with mischief than with any tinge of deathly spirituality, played at moments on her lips. A mirth that was almost diabolical lurked in her eyes. How well each of the three who had been her consorts knew that glance!

"She is sinking—rapidly." The doctor, who had been standing a little apart, drew near the men.

The whisper carried to the bed. Yvette turned her head.

"More rapidly than even you know," she agreed. "Doctor, may I request one thing of you?"

The doctor bowed.

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“This, then,” she continued. “After I have breathed my last, before anyone has gone or come in the room, unclasp this locket from my throat and open it. It holds a lock of hair of him—” she faltered, and fleetingly a smile of infinite tenderness touched her lips—“of him whom I have loved best. I swore never to be without it, until—” the voice grew faint, died away. Turning from the doctor, Madame du Chatelet searched the faces of the three men. Again the mischievous smile glanced from her face; again her eyes lighted with a mirth almost diabolical. The startled look on the face of the Marquis was duplicated on that of the two beside him.

The doctor leaned to Yvette’s heart; listened for a moment; then slowly unclasped the locket.

The Marquis du Chatelet looked bewildered. So, in spite of the fact that she had left him, Yvette had remained true to her married love? She had kept the strand of hair and her promise! There was more depth to the woman’s character than he had thought. Hesitantly he lifted his hand and stroked his gray hair.

Voltaire looked thoughtful. He had been right! Had he not reasoned that the intellectual bonds he had fashioned with her would be more binding than any emotional fetter? She had kept his lock of hair. He remembered the night she had demanded it.

“You have not given me warmth, Francois,” she had said. “But you have given me light. For that I love you.”

Voltaire’s smile was quiet, superior. He lifted his hand and ran a finger along a fine, light curl—

He who had been the Marquise’ last lover looked nonchalant, assured. What a fleeting thing was life! Only a short year ago she had vowed to wear his lock of hair forever. And forever had resolved itself into a year! Now she lay dead. The cheek that had blushed hot from his kisses was white and cool. Saint-Lambert lifted his hand swiftly to head and smoothed the black lustre there.

The doctor was speaking. “Gentlemen, I have a duty to perform. Will you gather about, please?”

The air grew tense. A faint breeze stirred the coverlet that lay

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across the face of Yvette, Marquise du Chatelet. Sighs, fainter than the breeze, escaped involuntarily from the lips of the three men grouped close about the doctor.

The doctor stretched out his hand,—snapped a spring. The locket lay open in his palm.

The sun, grown great and swift in flight, rested for a moment against the ridge that formed the Alps. The snow flamed. The blue of the sky drew back at the touch of the red streamers that slipped across it like long fingers. One golden finger found its way through the window of the death chamber of Chateau Cirey. It touched the faces of the men standing there,—touched them questioningly, as if seeking an answer to the expression it found. It touched the hand of the doctor, and the trinket lying in it. It lighted the little recess in the trinket, and the thing that lay there sparkled as if it were, itself, a sun ray.

Curved within the circle of the locket lay a strand of red-gold hair.

T H E C O R A D D I

A Ballad: Lure

A wind blew over the wide-stretched sea
From some strange, distant land;
From some far land of mystery,
A wind blew over the ruffled sea,
And slipped by the English strand.

Springtime was creeping over the lea,
But out on the foam-flecked sand
A man stood by the restless sea
And thrilled to the breeze, mysteriously,
Tho' he scarce could understand.

His was the blood of the Romany—
This man on the tawny sand,
And the old, old song from over the sea
Aroused a passion so bold and free
In its wild, untamed demand.

Scarce from the foot-prints of the sea
Could he now his steps command—
But he turned from the sweet, sad melody
That raced through his soul unceasingly,
To his erstwhile, well-loved land.

He turned to his thatch-roofed cottage wee,
Where his wife in the doorway stands.
A comely, sweet-faced girl was she,
But her soul, devoid of imagery,
Was mild, and calm, and bland.

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“My wife, my life, I love but thee,
Not such as this I planned.
But see! far o'er the curling sea
A ship that sails so beautifully,
Sails set, and fully manned.

Tomorrow I'll speed o'er the sea
In that tall ship so grand—
My beautiful, don't weep for me,
The wind is whisp'ring luringly
And I can not withstand.

I go—it calls imperiously—
It always will demand—
I'll go to the gates of eternity
Barred with crimson so regally
In a flaming sunset band.

Shall my life always fettered be?
My soul must wide expand.
In some gold land I'll meet with thee,
For the breeze now tells just that to me
As it hurries o'er the strand.”

O, he has traced unerringly
O'er a far and ancient land
This whispering, sweet sad melody
To the sunset gates of eternity
That are barred with a flaming hand.

Springtime is creeping o'er the lea,
But out on the foam-flecked strand
A woman stands by the restless sea
And thrills to the breeze mysteriously

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Calling her, calling her over the sea
To the sunset gates of eternity
In that utmost, dreamed-of land.

Inez Barbour, '30

A Gift

Everyone who came into the room paused almost imperceptibly before the picture. It was as though they stepped from the grey stoniness of a cathedral hall into the rich simplicity of a chapel. Only the pause before the picture was almost imperceptible. It was the head and shoulders of a small boy; the head was rather tousled and intense; while the shoulders drooped a bit in quite young gentleness.

People rarely commented on the picture. Someone had christened it once, in an unconsciously spoken thought, "The Boy Madonna." It would have been odd to speak of this small boyhead when there were Rembrandts and Van Dyck's in the room. Then, there was an indefinable something in the boy's great, deep eyes that one could not ask about. There was a line in the little man's mouth that answered unborn thoughts.

It had been made for her birthday—years ago.

Nancy Little, '27

Wiggling Toes

JEAN HARVEY, '30

Whittier has made famous the barefoot boy, and Tennyson has put this clause on every lip: "In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love—" so why shouldn't I make the barefoot girl and this phrase: "A girl, too, likes to wiggle her toes in the Spring—" famous?

About this time o' year when the little dandelions begin to pop out on every hillside, and one begins to think some ambitious birdling will fairly burst his throat with song, and the earth gets warm, and your feet get warmer—well, no matter how big you are, you just want to steal off by some shady pool and take off your old shoes and wiggle your toes. You may be a big girl and you may beg the shoe man not to tell you the number of the shoe you buy; but if you're human there's a desire somewhere 'way down deep in you to wiggle your toes in exultant spring freedom. With most folk—especially city folk, and grown-up girls—going barefoot becomes a suppressed desire. With others it's a desire fulfilled in the deepest and darkest secrecy. They can't resist. They steal off, pull off, and begin to wiggle.

What is this magnetizing attraction that strengthens as the days lengthen? Is it God, or Love, or Nature? Does one get nearer God, experience Love, commune with Nature to a better advantage in bare feet? It has been proved, I believe, that most people who have brains have them in their heads and not in their feet; and, yet, what is there in a sprawling flat foot that makes for spiritual inspiration when that foot can pat and mash and build with the light, damp earth of spring? Truly, there must be some connection between the barefoot and the mind.

Hazlitt advises one to "go a journey" alone. I advise you to go barefoot with a companion—one who like you can't resist the desire, one who feels a bit truant in doing so, one who revels in wiggling her

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toes and tossing damp earth up, one who laughs with glee to feel the new earth. Slip away with such a companion to some gleeful brook—and follow your instinct. A good time will be had by all.

Had I suppressed this desire I should probably have a more reasonable shoe bill, but what I should have missed!

I stepped bravely out into the chill night,
With your shabby old coat about my shoulders,
And by the magic of your tenderness
I was a princess with a high-held head,
Safe in her velvet mantle,
Warm in the royal robes.

M. H. Hall, '28

My Love

My love is a fragile piece of pottery,
I shaped for you,
Soft colors, delicate tracery.
Do not break it on the stones of life
Where a heedless world will crush
The fragments of my golden hours into dust.

Frieda Landon, '28

First Shadows

The mirror of the moods of trees
In conversation with the breeze;
A filminess suggesting Spanish lace
Caught in a study of feminine grace;
Light hidden in the eyes of maid
Sibyls of coming deeper shade.

Rosalie Wiley, '28

EDITORIAL

THE GESTALT theory of perception has been a long step forward from the old school of structural psychology, the remnants of which still exist (for example, in the worker with juvenile offenders who puts too great an emphasis upon mental defect as a delinquency causation.) "Gestalt" recognizes an inter-relation between organism and environment—or better, it recognizes organism and environment as an entity. We can not see any object until it supplies an image to our retina, and the image can not be apparent without the eye mechanism to convey the impression to the cerebrum. We *look* and we *see*—the two processes are a unit indivisible. Gestalt, then, says we perceive no object alone, but in a figure on a ground in a level. For example, an apple does not mean to us redness plus roundness plus a typical aroma, but it means something over and above these factors. In music, a melody, made up of notes, is nevertheless independent of these notes, which is proved by the fact that melody remains intact, regardless of the key in which it is played.

Now, let us carry over perception from the physiological meaning to the more inclusive meaning of "insight," which entails recognizing and assigning values to social objects. "Gestalt" is, actually, the German word for "figure" and the theory holds that the only values possible are in terms of a social pattern or figure. Perception is dependent on individual attitudes which are in turn dependent on the culture of the group in which the individual lives. In other words we may term behavior "right" or "wrong," "just" or "unjust" only in so far as the majority of the group in which they take place term them so. Adam Smith has advanced a similar theory when he states that "the only basis for human understanding is through the experiencing of a similar behavior and subsequently the recognition of the situation in its entirety." Parks also says "your ability to fit in depends upon

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your universe or discourse. The Gestalt theory of necessity excludes all prejudice. Think what a sound basis for adjustment of personalities would come out of an application of such a principle—think of the revolution of attitudes! Gestalt cries in a voice to which we should listen: "There are no absolute values!"

THE NEW CORADDI staff begins a new year. According to our energetic brothers, the most estimable Rotarians, Kiwanians, and Lion Tamers, we should aim for a bigger, better and finer CORADDI. Well, we do; however, not in the same way.

Our program for next year, if we are able to carry it out, will present a varied aspect. We hope to feature special poetry issues, for which the best and most representative poems will be selected. Special prizes will be given for plays and short stories. These, of course, are only tentative plans and we hope for inspiration from Minerva.

Meanwhile, that our hopes and high aspirations may be realized, we ask that those who can during these summer months turn their efforts in the most original and artistic way towards writing literary masterpieces.

T H E C O R A D D I

Creatio

Have you taken your spirit down
To the birthplace of spring
And inhaled the poignant fragrance
Of her floral christening?

Did you go to the closing day
For your spirit's peace?
Pin a star on your throbbing breast
At its quiet surcease?

You rest 'gainst the darkened night
In white virginity
Lest you miss the vibrant note
Of the lark's first ecstasy?

Nancy Little, '27

The Storm

The sands in the winds sighed and lifted in damask draperies. The edge of the sea whirled itself in and about the twisted and broken shells. A few feet out, gushing and foaming, the white caps broke in mammoth mouths. The winds whistled, and thudded against the blackening clouds edged by the rose of the sinking sun. A silver flash showed a fishing boat at bay. A following streak glazed its burns on the reef as the sea belched forth a struggling black half-moon.

The storm in the life of the skipper broke.

Margaret Hood, '30

BOOK REVIEW

The Gang

THE GANG, Frederic M. Thrasher; University of Chicago Press, January, 1927.

Coalescing as it does an appeal to the general reader with the use of sociological concepts and the sociological universe of discourse, and an apparently scientific method, Frederic M. Thrasher's study of *The Gang*, an interstitial primary group, is rather unique. Among the faults most likely to be noted by the reader who is not a sociologist, is Dr. Thrasher's need of a blue pencil, for *The Gang* is rather long-drawn-out with much of the latter part of the book a mere elaboration of the first chapter. It is well-written, however, and, though it is a tentative hypothesis offering little to solve the gang problem except sublimation of the tendencies in more wholesome activities, the discussion of the gang and gang band is a valuable contribution.

Disclaiming the obsolete theory of a gang instinct, Dr. Thrasher avers that the gang is founded on experience, rooted in "the failure of the normally directing and controlling institutions to function," that it offers escape and new adventures, and that it is begun spontaneously and integrated by conflict. Replete with naive and racy descriptions by former gang members; enlivened by picturesque gang nomenclature such as "Shirt-Tails," "Murderers," and "Buckets of Blood"; and detailing the adventures, wanderlust, warfare, robberies, bootlegging, gambling, and occasional set aberrations among the adolescent gang boys, the book presents a study in elemental social processes, so interesting to the feudal habitat of the 1,313 gangs in Chicago, a twilight region where romance and mystery abound.

Ruth Linney, '27

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Unconquerable

I have known the darkness of night
With my heart crying out its loneliness;
Like a child I have cried in the night,
Knowing the aloneness of my road.

But you have taught me what I should have known,
A bitter lesson, hard to learn;
The world exacts silence and no crying in the night;
I have taken silence for my shield.

And knowing, I am proud and unafraid;
My road is for no footsteps save my own
Your wounds have taught me to go, triumphant and singing,
Down the lonely and windy way of myself.

M. F. P., '28

B E L K ' S

The House of Better Values

GREENSBORO, N. C.

JEFFERSON STANDARD
BARBER SHOP
ELEVEN GOOD BARBERS

Freedom

I have broken the shackles of love.
I am free from your mastery.
None of your passion can overpower me.
I shall travel the road a vagabond,
Fearing not that your glance or kiss
Can make me forego freedom's bliss,
Wandering in beauty on and on. Rover. Vagabond.
Singing in the sun and the rains,
For who can sing, who lives in chains?

Frieda Landon

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Ellis Stone & Company

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